

The Nation :

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONTAINING LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, CRITICISM
OF BOOKS, PICTURES, AND MUSIC, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, AND DELIBERATE
COMMENTS ON THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL TOPICS OF THE DAY.

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New York, Feb. 28, 1867.

Dear Wife:

As Wendell has written to William since my arrival, you have heard that I got here in due time. I have been so occupied till now as to be unable to sit down, and scribble even the briefest epistle to you.

I was fortunate in getting a seat in the cars at Boston just as I wanted, being a single one, and therefore having it all to myself till I got to New York. I did not once rise up from it during the whole journey. I was also fortunate in not seeing any one in the cars that I knew, or that appeared to know me; for I had not finished my lecture by a dozen pages, but these I was able to complete with the pencil on the way, for copying afterward. All this portion was in reference to the impeachment of the President, and I was enabled to satisfy my own mind on that subject.

I found Wendell waiting for me at the depot on my arrival, and we went immediately over to Hoboken, and took the train for Orange, where we arrived about half past 7, receiving an affectionate greeting from Lucy and Mr. and Mrs. McKim. Tuesday morning I returned to New York, and called to see A. M. Powell at the Standard office; then went to the Freedmen's Commission Room, then to the office of the Nation, and from thence over to Brooklyn to attend the funeral of Mrs. Oakford, (Mrs. Anthony's daughter,) the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Chadwick and Rev. Mr. Putnam, Unitarian ministers. There was a pretty large attendance, and the occasion was made very impressive. Beautiful tributes were paid to her character. She looked greatly emaciated, but still very pleasant, like one in a tranquil sleep. I did not see any of the Anthonys, and have since had no time to call there. Wendell was one of the pall-bearers, and accompanied the remains to Greenwood Cemetery. I went to Mr. Stowell's, and there finished writing out my lecture before tea.

The attendance at the Academy of Music was only moderate in size, but better than I feared, and larger than that which assembled to hear Ward Beecher or Mrs. Stanton. (Mrs. Stanton's lecture, by the way, was very able, and gave great satisfaction to all who heard it.) I was in good voice, and was heard without difficulty by all present. My lecture occupied an hour and a quarter, and was listened to with unbroken attention from beginning to end. The New York Herald had five reporters present, and my lecture was very fully printed in that paper, though it was mangled a good deal in some parts in the reporting of it. The Tribune sent over no reporter. For this I was disappointed; as I had hoped to have my entire lecture, from my manuscript, given to the public through that medium. The Standard, however, will publish it in full next week.

Wednesday I was trying to get a good photograph taken at Lewis's, in New York, but failed as usual.

I forgot to state that Wendell heard my lecture, and took a bed with me at Mr. Stoddard's.

Yesterday I took dinner at Dr. Taylor's, with Powell, and saw my pet, Abby Hutchinson Patton, and Dr. Rogers and his wife, of Worcester. At that house, a little babe of ~~the~~ ^{Taylor} Dr. was lying dead in the house.

After dinner, I went to Orange with Wendell and Mr. McKim. Several of the neighbors came in in the evening — Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. Leone and her sister, Mr. Green, &c. — and we spent a very pleasant time together till near midnight.

This afternoon I am going to Providence, to spend the night with friend Barney. To-morrow forenoon I am to be at Brady for a photograph. I shall calculate to take the Shore Line at noon for Providence, and spend the night at Charlotte's — and hope to be with you and the dear ones by ~~ten~~ ^{ten} ~~ten~~ ^{ten} Saturday evening. How I have missed the baby!

All send their loving regards,

Your ever loving W. L. G.

Father

M. G. Feb. 18, 1865

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